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No. 15.

## DRIFTING

日等 生。 叶底被白毛。 花白色。

FIRST VOICE.  
Drifting, along the dreary waters drifting,  
Night—on the waves, and ne'er a star o'er-  
head—  
Never a gleam o'er all the waste uplifting,  
Never a ray through all the too darkness shed—  
Drifting, along the dreary waters drifting!

WHITHER AWAY, O Soul—across the ocean?  
Dark is the night and dangerous is the sea;  
Sweeter were Life with all its wild commo-  
tion,  
Better were death than Life like this can  
be.  
Whither away, O Soul—across the ocean?

SECOND VOICE.  
 O Heart, why wilt thou weary me with  
 waiting?  
 Worn are we both, and wasted with the  
 strife;  
 Far from the toil and tears, we twain are  
 sailing,  
 Leaving behind the bitterness of life.  
 O Heart, why wilt thou weary me with  
 waiting?

Be still, and Heart, and cease thy vain re-  
 \* pining;  
 Be patient, for the night will soon be past  
 Somewhere afar a golden shore is shining.  
 Thither the Flood will bear us at the last!  
 Be still, and Heart, and cease thy vain re-  
 pining;

## A Story of the South Sea

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced last week. Each number can be had of all Newsdealers throughout the United States.]

## CHAPTER IV.

The surprise caused by the disappearance of the strange vessel, but short-lived. It explains the appearance of the phenomenon on the fog. Not the least all readily spoken of; but a dense bank of dark vapor, that, drifting over the surface of the sea, has suddenly enveloped the barque within its floating folds. It threatens to do the same with the frigates, and the boats are in the greatest jeopardy. But though their surprise is at an end, a sense of undefined fear still holds possession of them. Nor is this on account of the coming fog. They could not frighten men who have dared every danger of the deep, and yet grope their way through a world of shadows almost apathetic of fate.

Their fears spring from a fancy that the other phenomena are not natural. The fog of itself may be; but what brings it on—just then, at a crisis, when they were speculating about the character of the chased vessel—some doubting her honesty, others skeptical of her reality, not a few boldly denouncing her as a phantom? If an accident of nature, certainly a remarkable one—in truth, a strange phenomenon.

The reader may smile at credulity of this kind, but not he who has mixed among the men of the forecastle, whose familiarity with the sailor's life enables him to judge whether merchantman or man-of-war. Not all the training of naval schools, nor the boasted enlightenment of this or that civilly educated officer, can give him of the convrat-dad mariner, a belief in something more than he has seen, or seen—something outside of nature. Such a man, however, I think there would be to hold him of higher intelligence than his fellow-men, who stop where plunging the soil as he does there, saying: "Behold the believers in supernatural existences—in spirit-rappings, in vengeful ghosts, in not only in the dead, but in the living, who are within 'memory of man.'" Then let us landmen scoff at such fancies, not whit more absurd than their own cred-

Awake from this sort of feeling is the ship, there is soon a real and more serious apprehension, in which the crew, their eyes averted, are approaching. It has curtailed the old vessel, spreading over her like a pall and threatens to do the same with the crew. The ship is now like a vessel of a fog of the ordinary kind, but one that portends storms, sudden and violent. They are threatened by the black abyss of the unknown, Eastern seas, and they know uneasiness about the safety of their ship, though not of her are they thinking. She is a staunch vessel, and they are not afraid of her, but the anxiety is for their alien shipmate, whose peril all comprehend. They know the danger of the two vessel going together, and they are all aware that they will be the fate of those who have strayed on the barque? The strange craft has been signalling distress. It is a problem, and a problem of the worst. If so, in either case she will be worse off than ever. It cannot be a case of hands to work her sails, and she will not be able to make any voyage afflicting her crew—cholera, yellow fever? This made probable, the lieutenant sending back for the doctor—his first sight, and evidently a

time for action has arrived. The dark cloud comes driving on, and is soon around the ship, lapping her in its damp murky embrace. It clings to her, bulwarks, ports over her canvas still spread, wetting it till big drops rain down upon the deck. It is no longer a question of the surgeon staring forth on his errand of humanity, nor the cutter returning to the becalmed harque. Now there is no more chance of discovering the latter than of finding a needle in a truss of straw.

In such a fog, the finest ship that ever sailed men, with the smartest crew that ever manned vessel, would be helpless as a man groping his way in Cimmerian darkness. There is no more thought of the barque, and not so much about the absent officers. Out of sight, they are for a time almost out of mind. For on board the frigate every one has now thought of nothing but his own life and his duties. Almost on the instant of her sails being enveloped in vapor, they are struck by a wild coming from a quarter which is impossible to that for which they have been hitherto set.

The voice of her commander, heard thundering through a trumpet, directs canvas to be instantly taken in. The order is executed with the promptness peculiar to men-of-war's-men; and soon after the huge ship is towing amid tempestuous waves, with only storm sails set. A ship under storm-canvas is a sight always melancholy to the mariner. It tells of a struggle with winds and waves, a serious conflict with the element.

Such the situation of the British frigate, soon as surrounded by the fog. The sea, lately tranquil, is now madly raging, and the vessel is tossed about like the masts of a white horse in headlong gallop. Amid these the huge war-vessel, but a while before almost motionless, a liveliest, apparently the sea itself, is now being tossed about as if it were a cork, and is thrown from billow to billow, or buffeted into the troughs between, as if it were a cork. The crew is fully occupied in making the vessel steady, and thought of any other vessel—even one flying a flag of distress. Ere long they may have to hoist the same signal themselves. The captain, however, is on the watch, who well knows what to do—what aboard, and ward every sea that comes sweeping along. Some of these tumble ships are seen, but the captain knows her going almost regardless of the rudder.

These are but two captains left for safety, and her captain weighs the choice between them. He must "lie to," and wait for the other vessel to come. To do the latter might take him away from the strange vessel—now no longer seen—and she might never be sighted by him again. For the captain knows that, ever would, for she may not elect to run down the wind. Even if she did, there would be but slight hope of overhauling her, supposing the storm to continue for some time. The captain's decision is that she will also lie to. As the frigate's lieutenant will no doubt have control, he will order her sails to be taken in, and she will scarcely think of parting from that order.

Thus reflecting, the captain determines to stay where he is. Everything that has been said, and the ship's head on the horizon, are all in vain. Still, aboard of her, brave hearts filled with sad forebodings; not from any fear for themselves, but the safety of their shipmates in the barque. Both of the absent officers are favorites with their comrades of the quarter, as well as the crew. So, too, the other who accompanies them. What will be their fate? All are thinking of it, though none offers a surmise. No one can tell to what they have committed themselves. Only sure, that in the event of a raging storm, the ship is in danger to the strange craft, without counting the signals by her reversed ensign—with out thought of the mystery already enveloping her. The heart of every man on board the ship is torn with pain and fear. And while the waves are surging



**HERBERT'S TWO COURTES**

assaulting the strong ship—while winds are rattling loud amidst her rigging—a yet louder sound mingles with their monotone. It is given out at regularly measured intervals; for it is the minute-gun which the frigata has commenced

—ring—not a signal of distress, asking for assistance, but one of counsel and cheer. The fog lifted, and the ship came to anchor, amidst the wild surging of waves, and the hoarse howling of winds, the louder boom of cannon breaks their harsh continuity.

The fog came down, adding to the darkness, though not much to the dilemma in which the frigate is placed. The fog and storm combined have not increased the danger, for the ship might be; it could not well be worse. Both continue throughout the night, and on through all the night till midnight, when the storm ceases, and the fog is no longer so thick. The captain is no longer so much alarmed of her kindness of listening for a response. In all probability, there is no cannon coming upon the barque that could give any aid, and the storm is now over, the storm begins to abate, and the clouds to dissipate. The fog seems to be lifting, or drifting off to some other part of the coast, and the sun is seen, and the sun comes the dawn of day. The crew of the frigate—every man of them, officers

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(One alone is heard speaking aloud, giving expression to a thought now common to all. It is the sailor who twice uttered the prediction, which he again repeats—only changing it to the assertion of a certainty. With a group gathered around him, he says: "Ship-mates; we'll never see that lieutenant again, nor the young reefer, nor the old cat"—never.")

## CHAPTER V.

A BRACK OF BRITISH OFFICERS.  
Scene, San Francisco, the capital of  
California. Time, the autumn of 1849;  
several weeks antecedent to the chase  
described.

A black and white illustration of a man in a top hat and a long, dark coat with a light-colored collar. He is saluting with his right hand. In the background, there is a cityscape with buildings and trees. The text 'Washington' is visible in the top left corner.



11'a.—(See fourth page.)

A singular city the San Francisco of 1848, very different from the one we know, and as usually unlike what it was during the years before the aforesaid date, when the obscure village of Yerba Buena held up its name, along with its site, the place what may be termed a new era of genesis.

The little village, port of the Mission Dolores, built of sun-dried bricks—its streets of mud—was then a small town, surrounded by two or three little craft annually visiting it—wakes up one morning to behold whole fleets of ships come crowding through the Golden Gate, and sailing for the farthest strand. They come from all the parts of the Pacific, from all the other coasts, from the ends of the earth, carrying every kind of cargo, and every nation of men. The wharves, late harpouned "Gah" in the Alcatraz, with him who has been chasing "cacahot" in the Pacific and Indian; the merchantman trading towards Australia, China, and Japan; the trader among the South Sea Islands; the comestor of Mexico; Chili, Peru; men-of-war of every kind and name; the sailing vessels of all nations; the American, even Chinese junks and Malaysian prahuas—are seen sailing into San Francisco Bay, and coming to bistle the

of the great spreading  
of ravens, and commingling of queer  
craft? What is still causing it, or still  
why come they? The answer lies in a little  
of the four quarters, the same as the  
of the world, and the activity on  
earth has moved him to many things,  
so off to the deeds of evil—gold. The  
months before, before the San Joaquin  
of the world, and the activity on  
tributary of the Sacramento river, ob-  
serving shining particles among the mud-  
flakes they carry, and holding them in  
the palm of the hand, and looking at  
them as they burn, and seeing them to be  
golden shen. And gold they prove,  
when exhibited to the test of the alchem-  
ist. The son of Helvetia discovers the  
interwoven with the silt of a fluvial  
deposit. They are not the first found in  
California, but the first coming under  
circumstances with the energy to collect  
and carry them to the far-off outside

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around them. A change has taken place in their occupancy. No longer the tranquil interior—the *tertulia*, with guests sipping aniseed, curacao, and Coca-Cola—munching sweet cakes and confitures. Instead, the house inside now ring with boisterous revelry, snelling of mint and Monongahela; and, through the guitar still tinkles, it is almost inaudible amid the louder strains of clarinet, fiddle, and trombone.

What a change in the traffic of the streets! No more silent at certain hours, the



Fresh cut and by officer glittering in gold  
by horseback; and the herds-  
small farmers (rancheros), in  
splendid California costumes  
swaggering and conspicuous.  
the comings of new-corners they  
timidly; hosted by rough men in  
splendid shirts, buckskin and blous-  
in their belts, and hanging  
hanging hands along their hips.  
are equally formidable in Germany  
of, wearing the draughts-  
and the horses, and the  
dressed at all, showing their nakedness  
rags as remain after a long jour-  
coverland, or a longer voyage by sea.  
of the property, and the  
was never witnessed so motley an  
of figures of men tramping through  
streets of a seaport town as those  
in Yerba Buena, just happened in  
a crowd of men, and the  
for a more varied display of blun-  
ney.

As certainly, harbor never had  
so many of ships, and so many  
men. At least one-half are  
strangers, and a large proportion of the  
mainland nearly so. Many have but

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of them. There is not one of the frigates, but the *Castell*, a secret service vessel, in a live sailor, who, if he seen upon her decks, or at night assumed thither by the light of the bonfire, would be taken to themselves but few of them are to desert; gold itself cannot move a ship where things are agreeable. Captain Bland moves all in his power to make pleasant, for men as well as the taken. He has a large kitchen, and plenty of it, lacinations of grog. He permits bare amusements among themselves the other crew, *capitaine*, *stranz*, *charades*, and private *lairs*. To crown all, a grand ball is given aboard the ship, in honor of her departure, and the event near at hand. This is for an entertainment of like kind, and some citizens, in some cities, at which more than one of the made acquaintances they would meet again—two of them distrustfully lingering in a special way, words, two of the frigate's collision, in love with a brace of

and down come stirring  
the third day after the ball, and  
the officers are standing upon the  
deck, conversing about it. They  
come from their quarters, and  
continue their speech in confidential  
and both young men; the elder of  
Cronier, being a great deal older  
while the younger Cadwallader,  
as much under him. Cronier has  
this term of probational service,  
and a "cad" is a "cad" in the  
"is a cad." And a trace of  
it, just as Marryat would have  
it, is Willie Cadwallader; bright  
and colored, and gay, and  
ruddy as the bloom upon a ripe  
He is Welsh, with those eyes of  
on his often observed in the de-  
of the states of the world, and he  
in nowhere else—threads of gold

different is Edward Crozier, who comes from a family that claims the shire of Salop. His hair, also dark brown. His complexion, and a pair of mountaineers, well grown, like those along the tips of the north-west. A nose and broad jaw-bones denotation—a character borne out of glances of an eye that never shows. He is of a medicinal calmness of dominating great strength, and of carrying out any resolve his may make; the shoulders square, the arms well built, the legs and a perfect proportion. In point of appearance, he is the superior; both are handsome fellows, each owns style. And as the styles are so, so are the men. The contrast, contrasting. Crozier is of a sportive turn; and, though anything horse, rarely given to mirth. The face of the other, though strongly ever absent, and the simple cheek—to employ a printer's—appears stereotyped. With the Weinsman a joke might be contrived, but not on the back whence by a lark of like kind, him of Salop, practical jesting be dangerous, and might end in

...knowing that difference of  
dian, the two are fast friends; a fact  
due to the dissimilarity of their  
sexes. When not separated by their  
various duties, they are seen  
and ship, and together go ashore;  
or, for the first time in the lives of  
have commenced making love.  
Fortunate is the person who  
that they are not in love with the  
lady. Still further, that their  
hearts do not dwell apart, but live  
one roof, and being to one family,  
are not estranged. All this is  
sex, though standing in a certain re-  
sult. One is the aunt of the other,  
kindship might suggest inequality in  
age. Then, the difference of sex  
is very little. Not so much as be-  
the young officers themselves.  
sunt is but a year, or so, the senior  
is, and as Fate has willed,  
one of the lovers is dead, been in  
proper symmetry and proportion.  
er is in love with the former—

under with the latter. The Spaniards, of their own accord, are the most blood-thirsty and cruel people in the world," he says. "They are respectively daughter and daughter-in-law of Don Gregorio Monforte whose house can be seen from the mansion of imposing appearance, Mexican facade, white walls, standing the name of the hill, at some distance ashore, and southward from the shore." While conversing, the young men have their eyes upon it—one of two meeting his vision with a beam. It is Cadizlander who uses the instrument.

Tossing it to his eye, he says: "I tell you I can see them, Nod. At all times, there are two heads on the breast—just showing over the parapet. I'll bet it's oldie Tita, my dear girl. I wonder if they use me."

"Not unless, like yourself, they are filled with tolerance!"

"Jolly Jove! I believe they've got them."

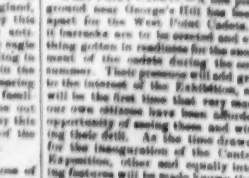


A tap at the door was answered by her in person, and Alfred saw the no shadow that darkened his aunt's face resting on her maid's.









granted at George's Hill has been accepted for the West Point Cadets. The barracks are to be converted and everything gotten in readiness for the acceptance of the cadets during the coming summer. These promises will add greatly to the interest of the Exhibition, and it will be the first time that very many of our own opinions have been afforded an opportunity of being read and witnessed (their debt). As the time draws near for the inauguration of the Centennial Exposition, other and equally interesting functions will be made known.







a black silk pubescence, with a cool and white callos border, deeper colored stage increased with blue and olive; a red and dark-colored downy grown, flowered with large leaves, a rather soft green, increased with white. The main head division with increased coloring; a black silk pubescence and a spot. and head."



## FACETIÆ.

A MAN'S REQUIREMENTS.  
Will thou be mine, sweet maiden?  
O, wilt thou be my bride?  
My spirit, sweetly laden,  
For such a love has sighed:  
Yet such a love I admit thee,  
I first would rather see  
If all that I require thee  
Thou likest art to be!  
Thou'lt share my joy and sorrow,  
Thou'lt love me well and long,  
Thou'lt teach my soul to borrow  
Fresh comfort from thy song.  
Ah, yes! but there is more, love,  
That I of thee desire—  
Which (as I said before, love)  
I should of thee require.  
Will never have cold nation,  
Will never let a hole be  
Undared in my soul be—  
Then mistress of my soul be,  
Sweet maid, I'm ever thine!

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—"Ah, well, Mrs. Jenkins, there are lives longer than most, but as I often say to my old man, says I in kind word as an easy obligation, and goes a good deal further than a homely word or a quiet word."

"Oh, my life, my love, my sweetest, may heaven's angels whisper golden words as they kiss your peachy cheeks!" wrote a lover to his sweetheart only eight weeks ago, and now he wishes the angels would whisper to him how his breach of promise suit is likely to end, as his lawyer frankly says is a case to tell.

DIVINE IRVING.—"Will you dine with me to-morrow, Mr. Maguire?" asked one Irishman of another.

"Faith, and I will, with all my heart."

"Remember, it's only to a family dinner I'm asking you to."

"And what for not; a family dinner is a mighty pleasant thing. What have you got?"

"Oh, nothing uncommon; a elegant piece of corn beef and potatoes."

"By the powers, that's the world! just my dinner to a hair—barring the beef!"

SATISFIED IT WOULD BE.—The other evening when Harper's train was approaching Lockport it started in the middle, and the bell-ropes snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady from Jasper on her bonnet and setting her nerves to play.

"What on earth's the matter?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat.

"Ugh! I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-rod.

"Did they stop such a nasty, trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

A NEW JERSEY granger heard a great noise among his chickens the other evening, and thinking thieves were despoiling his roost, he rushed out with vengeance in his eye and a shot-gun in his hand, but discovered no one about.

Then counting his fowls, instead of some being missing, he found six more than belonged to him. His eyesight being a little defective, he didn't discover till the next morning that he had counted ten vigorous chickens instead of four.

His brand, which had been accidentally fastened in the coop with his hens. "I thought they were rather too big for chickens when I found 'em," he afterwards remarked.

A SECRET OF FINE LINES.—"Jakes, what you got sich fine 'broodered shirte as dat you had on at de moatin' last night?" asked Pete as Jake sat at the post office door, trying to stick a bent brass pin into the back of his paper collar and anchor that article in position.

"You don't 'pear to 'prelate my cirt's shirte, Pete."

"No! dat you ain't 'pearred nuff money to buy de buttons on dat shirte sence I 'ud 'pe-I 'prelate dat," rejoined Pete.

"You 'out de track, Pete, and dar you'll stay till your mudder git ter be a washerwoman!" You hear dat?"

Pete signified that he had heard enough.

A PARTY of grammarians were arguing the question, "Is it right to say six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven?" Some were certain "is" was right, while others insisted that "are" was right.

"Do you mean to say, sir," said one grammarian, very much excited, "that six and seven are eleven?"

"It is," replied another, equally excited.

Much confusion ensued, and a collision was feared between them. In fact, after confagating each other sharply, and working themselves up to the superlative degree of exalted mood, they did make a few passes at each other's heads.

In the present tense of affairs, it was agreed to leave the question to a German friend, Chris Germe, who stood by, said one of them.

"Chris, which is right, to say six and seven is eleven, or six and seven are eleven?"

"Vich is recht?"

"Yes."

"Sex and seven is eleven, or sex and seven are eleven?"

"Yes, yes, that's it."

"V'y, you old fools, sex and seven hose thirteen."

AN AWFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.—An old man living in the country called at the office of the gas company in Chicago the other day, leaving a two-cent part in his hand, and asked:

"Is this where they sell gas?"

"Yes, sir, we sell gas."

"Well, said the old man, as he pulled the cover off his hat, 'I've heard a good deal about gas, and my wife's heard a good deal about it, and I'll take two quarts along and try it. How much is it a quart?"

"When he was informed that gas was a vapor, and the method of burning it was explained, he sighed and said:

"Hannah will be awfully disappointed."

"Papa, did you see those nice little guns down to the store?" asked a little six-year-old boy.

"Yes, Harry, I saw them; but I have so many children to feed and clothes that I cannot afford to buy you one," replied his father, seriously.

Little Harry glanced at the baby in the cradle with no loving expression on his face. "Finally," he said, "I'll take one. You can swap little Tommy for a gun."

## DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

"America was discovered by Christopher Columbus in 1492," so said the "bookish" school-boys whose pages our youthful fingers left vacuous, but not always legible records. No says all popular history, and so we would rather believe, as so far as modern civilization is concerned, to the Genoese are owing all the benefits which have flowed from his wonderful exploit. The vast multitude, known by the general name of "the ordinary reader," knows of no discoverer but Columbus, yet from an antiquarian has shown that to various nations, from the Egyptians downward, has been attributed the glory of sailing across the Atlantic Ocean to the continent upon the western shore. The claims of the Egyptians to this discovery arise from the wonderful resemblances which the pyramids, obelisks and sculptured remains of Mexico, Yucatan, and Central America bear to those of Egypt. Then it is said that the Tyrians discovered, and colonized Mexico in the year 332 B. C. By the advocates of this theory, the human sacrifices of the Aztecs are traced to a Tyrian origin. The learned Lord Kinniburgh has believed that the Jews colonized Mexico. He advocated this theory in the magnificent work in nine volumes, imperial folio, which he published in 1811-48, and which cost him thirty-two thousand pounds sterling in his life. Although many customs of the Mexicans bear a striking resemblance to those of the Jews, there is not sufficient foundation in the resemblance upon which to build a tenable theory of their Jewish origin. The Chinese claimed that America was discovered by a Buddhist missionary, named Hui Shin, A. D. 499. He published an account of his journey and the people that he saw, some parts of which sound like a description of the inhabitants of Southern Mexico. The discovery of America by the Norsemen, a story which is given in several school histories, is believed to have taken place in the year 1000 of our era. The story of their explorations is derived from the Norse sagas or legends, the manner of whose construction renders interpolation impossible and removes all doubt of the authenticity of their account. A cruel and cold courage and daring, the Norsemen did possess the energy, perseverance and fortitude to occupy permanently and cultivate the land which they discovered. The inscriptions upon the Leighton Rock and the old mill at Newport, once believed to be of Norse origin, are now believed to belong to even a more remote era. Even greater than other nations, and even people saw America before 1492, this but adds to the glory of Columbus, who had the dauntless courage, wise foresight and lofty religion which enabled him to discover, but to follow up his discovery by occupation, and thus to make it the most wonderful event and greatest blessing of modern times.

## A CLANKER.

The following description of an Eastern clunker will, we doubt not, be of interest to many of our readers. To begin with, 900 bushels of clams were laid out on the New York City street, which had been accidentally fastened in the coop with his hens. "I thought they were rather too big for chickens when I found 'em," he afterwards remarked.

"Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat.

"Ugh! I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-rod.

"Did they stop such a nasty, trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

A NEW JERSEY granger heard a great noise among his chickens the other evening, and thinking thieves were despoiling his roost, he rushed out with vengeance in his eye and a shot-gun in his hand, but discovered no one about.

Then counting his fowls, instead of some being missing, he found six more than belonged to him. His eyesight being a little defective, he didn't discover till the next morning that he had counted ten vigorous chickens instead of four.

His brand, which had been accidentally fastened in the coop with his hens. "I thought they were rather too big for chickens when I found 'em," he afterwards remarked.

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His brand, which had been accidentally fastened in the coop with his hens. "I thought they were rather too big for chickens when I found 'em," he afterwards remarked.

"Oh, the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat.

"Ugh! I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-rod.

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## OUR ZOO.

and it has the equation table, showing the difference between clock and sun time every day in the year.

\_\_\_\_\_

[illegible]

received, which will be answered next week.